



CAROLINE HARGRAVE,

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER:

BEING THE FIRST SERIES

OF

**THE MYSTERIES**

OF

**SALEM !**

OR

**MODERN WITCHCRAFT.**

---

**SALEM :**

**PUBLISHED BY VARNEY, PARSONS & CO.**

**And for sale at all the Periodical Depots.**

**1845.**

E  
SI F8  
1845



### **PREFACE.**

The author of the following pages, considers it necessary to state, that he commenced this little work, in his hours of relaxation from labor, merely for his own amusement. But as it has become pretty generally known that such a work had been commenced, he has been induced by the urgent solicitations of a number of friends, upon whose judgment he places great reliance, to intrude this, his first humble effort upon the public. If their verdict should be rendered in its favor, he may have the honor of again appearing before them; if not, he will make his best bow, and retire forever from this new (and to him) untried stage of action.

SALEM, MARCH, 1845.

918  
Stickney Estate  
May 1929  
2  
SI F8  
1845



**CAROLINE HARGRAVE;**

OR,

**THE MYSTERIES OF SALEM.**

---

**CHAPTER I.**

SALEM is a good city, a quiet city, a money-getting and a money-keeping city, and withal a very mysterious city. Mystery has enshrouded the general character of its inhabitants from the time of Higginson and Hugh Peters down to the present moment. The memorable delusion of Witchcraft never has been, and probably never will be, satisfactorily accounted for, although its bloody annals seem to be engrafted in the minds of those who have been reared near where its unhallowed and demoniacal influence first began to show itself. Several incidents related to the author by an aged friend who is now no more, seemed to indicate that this influence, within the last thirty years, had not become extinct, and he will use his best endeavors, imperfect as they may be, to embody these incidents into one or more Tales, which he has the presumption to hope, will prove interesting and acceptable to an indulgent and intelligent public.

Without farther introduction, I will proceed to turn the attention of my readers into the interior of a miserable hovel, situated on the outskirts of the city of Salem (then town of Salem) on the turnpike road to Boston. On a blustering and stormy night in the month of November, 18—, might be seen sitting on a low stool or settle in one of the apartments of this miserable abode, an aged negro woman, who appeared to be busily engaged in raking together the few scattered and decaying embers that still burnt upon the hearth-stone. She soon ceased this monotonous occupation; then throwing aside

the piece of iron which served both for poker and tongs, she rested her head upon one of her hands, and thus soliloquized aloud:

"Ah me, what an awful night. The wind that whistles so sharply through the crevices of this room makes my old frame shiver. I must have another suck at the bottle of comfort that the old man brought home this evening, for the fire on the hearth will not warm me." So saying she arose, and slowly passing to one corner of the apartment, where stood an old rickety apology for a bedstead, she drew from beneath it what she denominated her bottle of comfort, which was no more nor less than a bottle of New Rum. Having taken what she called a good sup, she carefully replaced it in an old basket half filled with clams, which the old man had managed to obtain for their next day's repast, and again seating herself, continued as follows:

"Ah, that warms me, but somehow or other, after the warmth is gone I feel more deathly cold than ever. But I must drink, else how could I dupe or destroy the hopes of the young and guileless creatures who come to me, foolishly imagining that I can point out to them the secrets of futurity. That pale, beautiful young creature that was here last night, when I shook the mystic cup, and told her there was death in it, that her lover would never return from sea—God! how wild she looked, and the piercing shriek that she gave has rung in my ears ever since.

Yes, yes—I must drink,

Ay, ay!

Drink till I die!

Muttered the old beldame, as she again toddled towards the basket that contained her comfort. Having drank, and again seated herself upon the old settle she had before occupied, she was suddenly interrupted in her meditations by a loud rap at the door fronting the road.

The old negress started, and muttering something about being disturbed, she proceeded to undo the fastening of the door. As she did so, the door opened, and a young man passed into the inner apartment, followed by the old negress.

He was closely muffled in a cloak, which, as soon as he entered, he unclasped and threw back upon his shoulders, exhibiting to the gaze of the old woman features care-worn but regular and handsome, the possessor of them being apparently a young man about five and twenty years of age. Surprised and astonished at the appearance of such a visitor upon such a night, she stood fronting him in silence, until he uncereemoniously broke it in the following manner:

"Good woman, do you want money?"

This exclamation startled the old woman from the confused reverie into which she seemed to have fallen at the entrance of the stranger, and she abruptly answered,



"Who is it that asks?"

"One," answered he, in a mournful and subdued tone, "who has lately been awakened from a delicious dream of love, to the painful reality of finding that the object of his affections has proved false to him—ay, one who is now a disappointed and a ruined man; and yet the world knows it not; I carry as cheerful a countenance and bear as bold a front as ever, but the bitter agony of blighted hopes and blasted prospects, is now eating into the very core of my heart. But, woman, thou understandest me not. Do you know Caroline Hargrave?"

"I do," answered the negress, "what of her?"

"Did you undertake to tell her fortune?"

"I did."

"Night before last she was here?"

"She was."

"Did any one accompany her?"

"I heard some one in conversation with her before she entered the house."

"A male or female?"

"I concluded by the sound of the voice that it was a man."

"Enough, follow me."

"Indeed, that shall I not," replied the negress, "by your manner and talk I believe you to be crazy. Leave my house instantly, or I will call for help."

The young man regarded her for an instant in scornful silence, then suddenly drawing a pistol which he had concealed about his person, he placed the muzzle of it to her head, and exclaimed,

"Five minutes delay and you die!"

Finding remonstrance to be unheeded and useless, the old hag tremblingly prepared to obey her strange and unknown visitor.—Having thrown over her shoulders an old tattered cloak, and covered her head with a miserable apology for a bonnet, she said, "I am ready," when the stranger, catching her rudely by the arm, hurried her into the road, and they both took their way through the principal street into the centre of the city.

## CHAPTER II.

On the same evening mentioned in the preceding chapter, there might be seen entering the door of one of the principal taverns of Salem, two young men dressed in the height of fashion, apparently belonging to and moving in the aristocratic circles of society.

Having entered they called for a private room, and being shown to it, they ordered a bottle of Champagne, cigars, and lights. Having obtained these articles, so indispensable to a fashionable "tete a tete" between two young bloods, each of them filled their glasses, drank them off with inimitable gusto, seated themselves, lit their cigars, and remained for some time in comfortable silence.

Edward Finley, the eldest of the two, was a young man, tall, handsome, and well proportioned, with a countenance so flexible, that by it he could express whatever might for the time being have the ascendancy in his bosom. He was an only son. Always indulged in every whim and caprice, and possessing naturally strong passions, it is not to be wondered at, that after he arrived to the verge of manhood, he should throw off all restraint, and enter with avidity upon a career of profligacy, licentiousness and dissipation. Having the whole command of his time, and possessing the most ample pecuniary means, he could successfully carry out any scheme of villany which his depraved imagination might suggest to him. His father, a merchant who had been retired some time from business, had amassed a considerable fortune by lucky speculations.

For three years before the commencement of our story, Edward Finley the elder had at intervals been confined to his house, with a disorder, that bid fair to render him a confirmed invalid. So much did the cares of a lucrative and prosperous business claim his attention during the boyhood of Edward, that he left him almost entirely under the control of his mother, a proud, selfish and haughty daughter of Eve, who cared for nothing nor body but herself and son.— Possessed of a fortune in her own right, and therefore in that respect being perfectly independent of her husband, she hardly took the trouble to consult him upon any subject whatever, and he being a quiet, inoffensive sort of a man, scarcely dared to object to any line of conduct, which his termagant spouse saw fit to pursue, either with regard to herself or son. Possessing an ungovernable and tyrannical temper herself, she was very careful to do every thing in her power to develop those traits of character in her son, that coincided with



her own, and so thoroughly did she perfect her plans, that the age of twenty found him wandering in the fearful mazes of profligacy and dissipation.

Harry Cole, his companion, was the exact counterpart of him in personal appearance, although in character he did materially differ from him. He was cunning, intriguing, and artful, just such an individual, in fact, as Finley needed to carry out his villanous designs. We left these two hopeful scions of republican society, seated at a table puffing their Havannas, and sipping their Champagne in comfortable silence.

It was soon broken by Cole, who winking significantly at his companion, sat his glass down upon the table, and thus interrogated him:—

“When did you see Caroline?”

“Night before last,” answered Finley, “I saw her on the common, and thus accosted her:—

“Whither art thou flying my bird of Paradise, that thou canst not stop to exchange a word with one who adores thee, one who at the least sign of encouragement would fly upon the wings of the wind, to lay his hand and fortune at thy disposal. (Was’nt that a speech Hal.) “Well, what do you think she did?” (“why tipped me the cold shoulder, as my man Pat would say,”) that is, she kept on her way, not deigning to answer me.

Devilish cool, was’nt it Hal. But I soon overtook her, and finding that sentimental love-making made no impression upon her, I resolved to try another plan. Stepping close up to her, I whispered in her ear, these words:

“Charles Marion is false.”

“That was a bold push, if it was’nt dem’me,” ejaculated Cole, “that was touching her upon a tender spot. Did she shriek, or faint, or tremble, eh Ned?”

“She did neither,” answered Ned, tossing off his Champagne, “but she turned, and cast upon me a look with her piercing black eyes, which I shall not soon forget. She exclaimed, Edward Finley, that story I must hear from other lips than yours, ay, lips not prostituted to every species of lying and slander, before it obtains with me the slightest shadow of belief. Trifle not, therefore, with feelings to which your wicked and depraved heart has ever been a stranger. I despise your mean assertion and detest your very presence, go!”

Egad Hal, if you had wished to have seen indignant beauty personified, you should have seen her when she uttered that last word, go. There she stood, the bright moon shining full upon her tall form and handsome features, with her right arm raised and pointing menacingly at me with her finger. I must confess Hal, that I never saw her look so supremely beautiful as she did at that moment. The violence

of her feelings detained her for a few moments from moving, during which time, I had an opportunity to collect my thoughts (and gather my wits, which during her indignant tirade had got sadly scattered,) and compose myself to answer her, which I did thus:

"Forgive, Miss Hargrave, the sudden impetuosity of feeling that absurdly enough hurried me into a declaration of love.

You cannot now be made acquainted with my motives for acting so precipitately, perhaps you never will. Perceiving therefore, both by your words and manner, that I have nothing to hope for, I am resolved from this moment, to resign all pretensions as a suitor for your heart or hand. Still Caroline, as a friend to yourself and family, I deem it my painful duty again to inform you that Charles Mar-  
ion is false.

"Edward Finley, I defy you to the proof."

"Proof, sufficient proof you shall have if you dare meet it."

"I dare."

"Meet me then an hour hence, and I will conduct you where you will hear from the lips of my rival that the despised Finley told the truth in at least this instance."

"O yes, replied she, in a tone of scorching irony, I shall consider myself under infinite obligations to thee, thou paragon of all that is honorable and virtuous, that thou hast for once told the truth, for the very laudable purpose of ruining the peace of mind of her, whom but now you pretended to love. But enough, an hour hence, and I will meet thee here."

So saying she departed, leaving me in a glorious state of uncertainty, as to what I shall do next. Lashed almost to madness, by the bitter irony and superciliousness of her language, believe me Harry Cole, my first impulse was, to rush upon and kill her upon the spot, but I checked it, and then I swore an oath of vengeance. Yes, I swore by all the demons that inhabit the infernal regions, that ere one month should pass, Caroline Hargrave should be mine, soul and body. To compass this, I have by the assistance of my numerous emissaries so managed, that if all things prove propitious, the proud beauty will be in my power this very night. Now then my dear Hal, for a detail of my plan of operation.



## CHAPTER III.

Our two worthies having replenished their glasses, Finley proceeded as follows:

"There is to be a social party at Mrs D——s this evening. Caroline is to be there, you and I proceed from this place to the house, we linger about the premises, (taking good care not to be recognised) till the party breaks up. The carriage which is to convey Caroline to her home appears, the driver of which is bribed to do my bidding, Caroline steps into it, you and I mount the box with the driver, and away we go to my country house at R——. Capital, an't it Hal!"

"That's a fact, if it is'nt dem'me, hiccup'd Harry Cole, (that worthy gentleman occupied the pauses in Finley's conversation by making huge draughts on the champagne bottle) and worthy of the devil, from whom it must certainly have originated. But never mind that, Ned, dem'me I'm on hand for any sort of love affair, let it be hatched by saint or devil; 'tis my element. There is my hand for the faithful performance of any part of the play, be it comedy or tragedy, which may be assigned to me." So saying, he extended his hand to Finley, who shook it with great warmth, and finished by placing in the palm of it a bank check for fifty dollars.

After calling the landlord and settling their bills, these hopeful youths, muffling their cloaks about them so as almost to cover their faces, left the tavern taking the road leading to the residence of Mrs D——, where was convened the social party before spoken of. This party was given in honor of Mrs D's youngest daughter Adela, and preparatory to her "coming out", which event was to take place on the eve of the ensuing Christmas. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a brilliant array of the beauty and aristocracy of the town had assembled at the house, some for the purpose of flattering the fair Adela, some for a game of whist, while others were waiting in almost breathless expectation the appearance of Caroline Hargrave, who, besides being the belle of the town, was also the sweetest singer and most accomplished dancer.

She was about eighteen years of age, tall and elegantly formed, with large piercing black eyes, and hair colored like the wing of the raven. She seemed, as she stepped across the floor in all the virtuous pride of maiden majesty, a being of a higher order than those around her. Her beauty was of that lofty standard which to be fully appreciated must first be seen. The beauties of her mind were not

inferior to those of her person. Accomplished though she was, she had not neglected to contract an acquaintance with those duties which make the woman as well as the lady.

Such, gentle reader, is a brief description of my heroine, as she seated herself upon an ottoman in Mrs D.'s parlor, on this eventful evening. She was soon joined by her intimate friend, Mary Morrice, who, taking a seat by her side, thus accosted her:

"My dear Caroline, how pale you look; are you ill?"

"No, dear, dear Mary, answered she, forcing a smile, it is nothing but the fatigue occasioned by dressing and a slight headache; I shall soon recover."

Making the same answer to the pressing inquiries of the different visitors present, she appeared to be relieved, when the united voices of the company called her to the piano. Having seated herself in front of it, she ran her fingers wildly over the keys, and then her sweet, full voice broke forth in a strain of thrilling melody that enchained the attention of the whole audience. But the fair singer faltered, as she drew near the close of her song, and at its conclusion was observed to burst into tears, and suddenly fainting, she fell to the floor. By the aid of powerful restoratives she soon revived, and looking wildly up, exclaimed, "Charles Marion is false," and again relapsed into a second swoon. Eagerly did her friend, Mary Morrice watch over her till she again returned to consciousness.

When she had wholly recovered, Mary insisted upon accompanying her to her home. Her offer being gratefully accepted they were soon in readiness to proceed to the carriage. As they passed into the street, finding that the storm had increased, they were in so much of a hurry to enter the carriage, (which was all ready) that they did not observe our two tavern acquaintances, who had quietly seated themselves upon the driver's box. That worthy, also being in a great hurry, (though somewhat "struck aback," when he saw two passengers, instead of one,) did not hesitate to hand them both in, which, having done, he resumed his place upon the box, gave his horses the reins, and drove rapidly away.



## CHAPTER IV.

Charles Marion, whose name has before been mentioned in our story, was the accepted suitor of Caroline Hargrave. He was the son of a gentleman of fortune who resided at the "sunny south," where our hero was born. An indomitable thirst for knowledge, and an unbounded love of the beauties of nature, together with a somewhat melancholy, and romantic temperament, characterized even the boyhood of Charles Marion.

At the age of 17 in accordance with his wishes, his father had consented to send him to Harvard College.

He left home with a heavy heart, leaving behind him a fond mother, a kind father, and a beautiful and much beloved sister. He carried with him several letters of introduction, and among the rest, there was one to Mr Hargrave, Carolines' father, who then resided in Boston; on his arrival there, he hastened to pay his respects to him, and there he first saw, and as soon as he saw, loved his daughter. Being gifted with talents superior to the common order, he entered the University under the happiest auspices. Surrounded by friends who spared no pains for his gratification, successful in his suit with Caroline, and enjoying almost uninterrupted good health, his college career bade fair to end as happily as it began. But sadly were his expectations to be disappointed. One morning during the second vacation, which he was spending with the Hargrave family, the postman delivered him a letter, sealed with a black seal. He hastened to open it, and peruse the contents, which ran thus—

*L—e, Ala. July 2d, 18—.*

DEAR SIR:

I am extremely sorry that the painful duty devolves upon me, of informing you of the death of your father, which sad event occurred suddenly on the 15th ultimo. There is reason to suspect that his death was hastened by great embarrassments in his pecuniary affairs. A week or two previous, another merchant, by the name of Finley, arrived here from the North and levied an execution upon your father's property. The old gentleman never was himself afterwards—his health, which had not been good for some time, grew worse, and worse, till finally apoplexy ended his career. I am also sorry to inform you that the proceeds of the sale of property will not satisfy one half the demands against it, and the creditors have taken every

thing. These misfortunes have thrown your mother into a violent fever, and she is now at my house extremely ill. Your sister suddenly disappeared on the morning of your father's death, and has not yet been heard of. I need not remind you that your immediate presence here is absolutely necessary.

I have no time at present, to write more,

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE COLVILLE.

To Mr CHS. MARION, Boston, Mass.

It is more easy to conceive than to depict the appalling effect of the perusal of this letter upon Charles Marion. Dropping it from his hand and laying his head on the table before him, he remained for some time without speech or motion. After recovering himself in a measure, he arose, locked the door of his apartment, and again sat down to meditate in bitter agony of feeling upon the sad news he had received, and to resolve upon the course which he should in future pursue. After sitting for some time in melancholy silence, he drew towards him a sheet of paper, and seizing a pen, hurriedly wrote the following note:—

DEAR CAROLINE,

I depart tomorrow for the South. My uncle's letter, which I leave upon the table, will tell you the cause. Caroline, I am a beggar; but that is not all—my sister, oh! I dare not think of her. I am aware, Caroline, that your father looks upon poverty almost as a crime, therefore if it be his will, though I could as soon tear the lacerated heart from my bosom, yet will I resign all pretensions to your hand and leave you free as the mountain air. I dare not trust myself to an interview with you, fearful that the sight of your tears would cause my resolutions to melt away.—Adieu.

If you cease to love, I pray you to respect the motives, and pity the misfortunes of your

CHARLES.

After having sealed this note, he arose, (leaving it upon the table) and taking his hat he left the house by a back entrance, to avoid being seen, went to a hotel, from which he sent a porter to Mr Hargrave's for his trunks, who soon returned with them and the following note:

DEAR SIR,

My daughter Caroline has just informed me of the cause of your leaving us so abruptly. Knowing your situation in regard to her, I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for your generosity in resigning all pretensions to her hand, it being my will that she should be wedded to no one who cannot boast a fortune large as her own.



I hope you will not attempt to see Caroline before you depart.  
 Deeply sympathising with you in your misfortunes,  
 I subscribe myself, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM HARGRAVE.

"Sordid, cold hearted wretch!" exclaimed Charles, when he had perused the note; "could you but feel one half the agony thy selfish words have inflicted upon me, thou would'st speedily recal them. But 'tis your nature. Wherefore do I murmur? Ungrateful man, I pity, and for Caroline's sake, I forgive you."

So saying, he threw himself upon his couch, but not to rest. True he slept, but 'twas the troubled sleep of misery.

He arose the next morning unrefreshed, and taking passage for New York, was soon on his way to the South. He arrived at his uncle's without accident, just in time to have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his mother alive. She breathed her last breath a few moments after he entered her chamber.

His first business, after paying the last sad duties to the remains of his mother, was to endeavor to gain some information concerning his sister. All that he could learn, was that a handsome, genteel young man, who accompanied Mr Finley on his visit there, was quite intimate with her, and disappeared about the same time.

But our hero's misfortunes did not stop here. A few weeks after his arrival, as his uncle was taking an airing in his carriage, the horses became unmanageable, and in their fright overturned the carriage, from which Mr Colville was thrown with so much violence as to fracture his skull. He was taken up senseless and carried to his house, where he survived but a short time. Immediately after his burial his will was opened, when it was found that he had left the whole of his vast fortune to our hero.

The sudden revulsions of feeling, occasioned in three short weeks, by losing his father, mother, and uncle, and then from being penniless, suddenly coming into possession of an immense estate, caused Charles to fall a victim to a violent fever, which for several days assumed a dangerous character. But the strength of his constitution baffled its violence, and he soon began slowly to recover. During the period of his convalescence he had ample opportunity to devise plans for future operations. His first object was to make another effort to gain some tidings of his sister. He next resolved that as soon as his business affairs were settled, he would return to the place where resided the betrothed of his heart, his beloved Caroline.

"She may be changed," thought he, "she may consent to be the bride of another, but from her own lips the dreadful news must and shall be imparted to me, ere such thoughts are fostered in my bosom.

Strange, passing strange, is that curious mechanism of the mind,

which causes us to doubt, at times, the faith of those in whom we most confide. Still when far away from some loved one, contemplating with joyful anticipation the pleasure we shall feel when we again meet them, doubts and fears will creep in, and cause us to rise from our meditations with hearts heavy and desponding.

Such was the case with our hero when he began to recover from his illness; but with the energy of returning health, he manfully resisted their encroachments, till at last he managed to drive them totally from his mind.

Our hero's journey homeward, and the strange events that happened to him on that journey, will be made the subject of another chapter.



## CHAPTER V.

Not being able to gain any information concerning his sister, in the vicinity of his late uncle's residence, Charles made all the haste he could to settle his affairs preparatory to his departure for the North. His uncle having been extremely methodical and accurate in his business concerns, this work was soon accomplished. Leaving orders with his agent, to leave no means untried, and to spare no expense, in his efforts to gain tidings of his sister, our hero without delay started towards his former home.

Nothing material occurred to him until he arrived at Philadelphia. The transaction of some important business rendering it necessary for Charles to prolong his stay in the city for a short time, he proceeded to take lodgings at one of the principal hotels. Running his eyes over the names in the register of arrivals, (after inserting his own,) his attention was suddenly arrested, by reading the names of Edward Finley Jr., and wife, under the date of Aug. 5, 18—.

The occurrences that immediately preceded his arrival at the South, (in his father's family) flashed quickly across our hero's mind. The handsome young gentleman who accompanied the elder Finley in his visit to Charles' father, and who disappeared at the same time that his sister's absence was noted, might have been his son, (thought Charles) and his wife might have been—my sister.

"But I will banish such an unworthy thought from my bosom. Yet the date of the arrival on the register corresponds with the time that probably intervened between Finley's departure from the South.—The beautiful, highly gifted Ellen Marion, could not, in so short a

time, become the miserable dupe of the son of her father's persecutor."

Thus soliloquizing, our hero, probably for the purpose of turning the current of his feelings into a more pleasing channel, sallied forth from his hotel, and walked towards the wharves, in the lower part of the City. Standing upon one of the piers, absorbed in reflections on the past and anticipations of the future, his attention was soon attracted by the voice of an old negro, on board of a packet which lay along side, who was singing away merrily, and at the same time appeared to be busily employed in cooking in the galley of the vessel. Having just then nothing better to do, Charles thought he would step on board, and hold some conversation with him. He did so, and thus accosted our friend of the galley.

"You appear to be in right merry mood this morning my friend, and your vessel appears to have lately arrived here. Allow me to ask, from whence she came?"

"Direc' from Boston, massa," answered the negro, "de Cap'un, crew and passengers, hab jus gon up to de City, and left poor "Nig" to cook de dinner, and take care of de schooner."

"You carry passengers then?" interrogated Charles.

"Golly massa, guess you'd thought so," answered the communicative negro, "if you'd a seen the beautiful young lady who went with us las time." "Ah," replied Charles, who now began to take some interest in the conversation, "do you know who the young lady was?"

"Know who she was, eh," echoed the negro, looking our hero full in the face; "guess I did'nt nor nobody else, 'cept that she come on board wid a big gemmen, who called her his wife, and who 'haved very tender to her, till we arrived at Boston, when he left her, telling her he was going to Salem, and dat he would be back de next day, and telling her to stay aboard of de schooner till he come for her, and she did stay massa, one, two, and tree days, and de villain did not come, and den de poor dear thing gave up all hopes, and de handsome red color left her cheek, and she greve bery sad. Hour after hour she would stand at de gangway of de vessel, and look, and sigh, and appear so broken hearted, like, dat dis poor old nigger, who now stands talkin to your honor, took compassion on her, and told her dat if so be dat I could be of any service to her, I would go to de bery eend ob de earf for her ticklar benefit. And den de poor



thing burst out a cryin, and tell me dat she leave her poor sick father and mother, wid dat wicked man, and dat he carry her away and marry her, dat she hab no friends dare in Boston where she could go, 'cept one brother, from whom she had not heard for a great while, and den she would wring her hands, and cry more bitterly dan eber. At last, I told her, dat de best advice I could gib her, was to go home wid me to Salem, and she should be welcome to a share ob all I possessed, though to be sure the accommodations were poor enough, for a lady ob her quality. And den dis poor young lady tell me dat she would be glad to find a shelter any where, till she could hear from her brother. So after I was paid off, and discharged from de schooner, I took her wid me to my home in Salem, and my old woman and myself did every thing we could to comfort her, but de poor thing grew worse, and worse, till at last I thought she would go crazy. So you see, massa,—

But Charles Marion did not stop, to see or hear more. He had heard enough almost to paralyze him as he stood, enough to convince him, that his only sister, had been made the dupe of a black-hearted, cold-blooded villain, enough to satisfy him that swift and deadly vengeance was required at his hands, and after the first shudder occasioned by the recital of the negro was over, but one stern resolve seemed to occupy his mind. He resolved that his sister's wrongs should be revenged, and that speedily.

Hurrying, therefore, from the wharf to his lodgings, he immediately took passage in a steamer that was about to sail for New York. Having reached that city, he was not long in taking the most speedy conveyance to Boston, where he soon arrived. Hurrying with impatience to find his sister, he immediately took a seat in the stage coach (railroads not being in fashion at that time) and was soon on his way to Salem. But an accident occurred on the passage, which had well nigh terminated our hero's eventful career.

Just as the stage in which he was comfortably situated had gained the top of a small eminence, from which could be seen the clean streets and neat looking houses of the City of Peace, the horses took fright, and becoming unmanagable, soon overturned the vehicle upon chat part of the turnpike where stood a few huts, which were then inhabited by negroes.

It was a dark evening in the last month of autumn when the inmates of the huts above-mentioned were suddenly disturbed, first by a sudden crash, then the outcry of several voices calling for help, which caused to rush out indiscriminately, men, women and children,

to render all the assistance which so sudden and unexpected an emergency seemed to require.

After lights had been brought, it was discovered that the carriage had been dashed to pieces, and that the passengers, of whom there were three besides our hero (one old lady and two gentlemen) had all been more or less injured. It was at first supposed that the old lady was killed, as she lay upon the ground exhibiting no signs of life.

Charles, although somewhat stunned, escaped with no other injury than a slight contusion in the forehead. The driver, almost miraculously, escaped unhurt, but the two gentlemen before spoken of, were very seriously injured.

The first business of our hero, upon recovering from the partial swoon into which he had fallen when the accident occurred, was to lend all the aid which his situation permitted towards getting the lady passenger, before noticed, under the shelter of one of the huts on the margin of the road. With the assistance of a stout negro this object was soon accomplished. They bore her to the same apartment of the same building mentioned in the opening chapter of this story, when after having deposited their burden upon the few rags which formed a poor substitute for a bed, the negro departed in quest of restoratives, leaving Charles to add what fuel he could find to the few scanty embers that still remained alive upon the hearth-stone.

Having accomplished this, he proceeded towards the bed-side for the purpose of seeing if the wounded lady exhibited any signs of returning animation, when a loud sigh from a back apartment caused him to stop and listen. After a few moments the sigh was repeated, accompanied with a plaintive moan, which seemed to proceed from some person in distress. Feelings of humanity, not unmixed with curiosity, prompted our hero to enter the apartment.

Judge, gentle reader, of his astonishment and horror when he discovered, lying upon a miserable couch in one corner of the room, the emaciated form of his now fallen, but still beloved sister. Yes, there she lay, apparently sleeping under the influence of some strong narcotic, for at intervals she would start, half open her eyes, and with a stifled sigh, relapse again into a state of insensibility.

The first effort of Charles, after he had in some degree recovered from the horror occasioned by recognizing the form of his sister at such a time and in such a place, was trying to arouse her from the



state of sleepy torpor into which she seemed to have fallen. Stepping, therefore, to the side of the bed on which she lay, he uttered in a tone low but fearfully distinct, the word *Ellen!*

This had the desired effect, for immediately the sleeping girl started up into a sitting posture, and looking wildly around, she soon cast her glaring eyes upon the pale and motionless form of her brother; and suddenly springing from the bed, both brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

## CHAPTER VI.

About twelve o'clock on the same night that the party had taken place at Mrs D——'s, a carriage was seen to stop at the door of a certain house, situated in the small village of R——, about fifteen miles from Salem.

Immediately upon stopping, the driver descended from his seat and opened the carriage door, when a man stepped out and commenced knocking loudly at the door of the house. The knock was soon answered by a female bearing a dark lantern, who after unbaring the door and closely scrutinizing the intruder, asked:

"Have you succeeded?"

"I have," answered the person addressed.

"Has every thing been made ready?"

"Every thing."

The man then stepped back again to the carriage, opened the door, and with the aid of another person within, soon succeeded in drawing from it the almost lifeless form of a young and beautiful girl. They then bore her into the house, and ascended a flight of stairs, (the woman with the lantern taking the lead,) who ushered them into a splendidly furnished apartment in the second story of the house. Having deposited their burden upon an elegant bed, the elder of the two worthies turning his eyes towards the door, riveted them upon a person who had followed them closely, though before



unheeded, into the apartment. This was no other than Mary Morrice, the intimate friend of Caroline Hargrave, who, having a faint presentiment that some foul play was intended, had followed her into the carriage and seated herself by her side.

"So you have come, have you?" said Finley, "in spite of all my remonstrances, to share her fate," pointing as he spoke to the bed whereon lay the senseless form of Caroline. "Depend upon it you will bitterly rue the act."

"Villain," answered the courageous girl, "I defy you. Sooner than desert that gentle and pure being in this her hour of danger; sooner than leave her a prey to your accursed arts and machinations, I will cheerfully suffer every thing but death."

"And why make that resolution, my Amazonian prodigy of courage," asked Finley, with a very decided sneer upon his countenance; "are you afraid of death?"

"Ask yourself that question," replied Mary, "in your solitary moments, when the many black and unnatural crimes of which you have been guilty stare you in the face; when even the rattling of the night wind against the casement makes you tremble for that retribution which will suddenly overtake you. Ask yourself that awful question you so insultingly addressed to me, and what will be the answer?"

It was very evident that the words of the fair speaker had some effect, for it was observed that as she finished speaking Finley's lips grew pale, and he paced the apartment for some moments in a state of violent agitation.

Meanwhile Caroline, who had fallen into a succession of swoons, suddenly recovered from the one into which she had last fallen previous to her being conveyed from the carriage to the house. Bewildered at the strange appearance of every thing within her view, she looked wildly around, gave a deep groan, and again closed her eyes.

As soon as she heard the groan, Mary was at her side.

"My dear Caroline, did you speak?"

"Oh, Mary, tell me where I am; tell me that I am not all, all alone! Oh, I have had such a dream! I thought that you and I were sitting in my chamber, as we were once wont to do, Mary, when the

door was suddenly opened, and two fiends in human shape entered and dragged us forcibly away; then all was darkness; I heard the rolling of wheels, a horrid voice; and anon the scene changed. I was in a beautiful garden, where rioted in splendid luxuriance, the beautiful flowers; a chrystal fountain was spouting and bubbling in the midst, and I saw him—yes, I saw Charles sitting in an arbor, surrounded, as it seemed, by winged angels; he advanced towards me, and methought I heard him whisper, ‘Caroline, I am not false! Believe it not.’ And then I heard a strain of thrilling and delightful music, at first cheerful, and then dying away in a mournful cadence. Then I again heard that horrid voice, and every thing became dark and confused.”

As she ceased speaking, Finley approached the bed and said:

“Caroline, are you better!”

“Better! No! nor shall I be till I am relieved of your hateful presence.”

“Egad,” muttered Cole, rising from his recumbent posture upon the ottoman, “my pretty bird, you will grow no better very soon, then; eh, Ned; ha, ha!”

Chuckling at this vast attempt at vulgar witticism, he rose and walked, or rather staggered, towards Mary, (his manner giving unequivocal signs of his being in the first stages of intoxication,) and as he walked he sang:

“Whilst you court the Lady, Ned,  
Why, I will court the maid.”

It soon became evident from his conduct, that he intended to carry his lover-like intentions into effect forthwith, for in attempting to clasp Mary around the waist, he received from her a blow that caused him to reel backwards, and almost fall against the ottoman he had just left.

Noways abashed, he advanced again to the onset, muttering, “spunk to the back bone, if she is’nt dem’me;” and succeeded in clasping her waist, when in the struggle that ensued he dragged her from her chair to the floor.

“Now, then,” exclaimed our gay Lothario, “let your devoted



admirer snatch one kiss from those angelic lips." As he bent himself over her, to suit the action to the word, a stream of blood was seen trickling from his bosom, and he fell back with a horrid groan, apparently dead, upon the floor, whilst Mary Morrice started to her feet, and snatching a bonnet from the table, hurried precipitately from the house.

## CHAPTER VII.

In a miserable shed attached to a large house in the centre of the town, the same eventful evening spoken of in the last chapter, there might have been seen two persons, the one standing erect and motionless, the other looking about as if for a place where they might seat themselves, and at the same time be secure from the storm, which raged without.

These two individuals were the negress, mentioned in the first chapter of our story, and her conductor, Charles Marion. He it was who was looking for a seat, and having found an old piece of timber that would answer his purpose, he addressed his companion as follows:

"A rough seat, this; and withal not very neatly curtained. Sit thyself down beside me, and let us confer together." Then suddenly changing his manner, as she advanced and obeyed him, he added in a low but awfully stern tone of voice:

"And see that you leave not your seat till you answer all the questions I may ask you. If you obey me in this, you will be generously rewarded, but if you for a moment hesitate or equivocate, this, (showing her a pistol,) must then decide the question. Recollect that a desperate man is not to be trifled with. You said that night before last Caroline Hargrave came to your hut accompanied by a man. Did you know that man?"

"I did," answered the negress.



"His name?"

"Edward Finley."

"My God! The destroyer of my sister's innocence!"

"Did he leave the house with Caroline?"

"No."

"Did he remain in the house?"

"He did."

"Did you secrete him?"

"I did."

"Was he in the house at the time I left it, after the interview with my sister?"

"He was."

"Did my sister leave the house in company with him?"

"She did."

"Do you know whither they went?"

"As true as there is a God in heaven, I do not."

"How long had my sister been in your house when Finley first discovered that she was there?"

"Not long; say about two days."

"Did he treat her well when he visited her at different times?"

"When he first saw her at my house he seemed very much surprised, and spoke to her very angry-like, and after he left her I noticed that she would weep and mourn terribly."

"Did you not try to soothe her at such times?"

"At first I did, but soon got tired of it, for she would look at me so haughty-like, and call me her jailer, that I felt glad, at last, that there was one in the world that had successfully and totally subdued her proud spirit, and having strict orders, and being well paid to keep her close, these orders were most faithfully executed, until the night of that cursed accident to the stage coach, when the devil or some other supernatural person must send you to frustrate all our designs."

"Infernal hag," exclaimed Charles, "lucky was it that I did come,

for God knows what villany you and your associate might have accomplished."

"Yes," answered the negress, "and lucky was it that Finley happened to call the same evening, and more lucky was it that he carried your sister at the same time out of your reach. 'Gad, but we contrived it neatly, though. He! he! he!

Irritated almost to madness, by the aggravating words and the hysterical laugh that accompanied them, Charles levelled his pistol at the old hag, and probably would, in a moment more, have put an end to all her future plans, and sent her chuckling to another world, when his attention was arrested by a loud shriek, which seemed to proceed from the carriage that was rapidly passing at the time.

As soon as he heard it he lowered his weapon, but still keeping it within his grasp, he darted out into the street, leaving the old negress to meditate upon the best plan of escape from being made a target for exercise in pistol-shooting.

As Charles entered the street he heard the receding wheels of the carriage rattling along the pavements; then another shriek; the lights glimmered in the distance; the horses turned a corner, and the carriage vanished from his sight.

The first impulse of our hero, after every thing became silent, was to go to his hotel, get the fleetest horse he could find, and pursue the carriage; but the heavy rain and high wind, together with the pitchy darkness of the night, seemed, after a moment's reflection, to prove the utter impossibility of this measure being in any way successful.

"Gracious Heaven," thought Charles; "for what am I reserved. Strange and mysterious events have been crowded in thick succession into the past few months of my life. God alone knows what the end will be, and to Him I leave the issue. Both parents dead, a sister dishonored, one day a beggar, another rich beyond my wishes; and last, but not least, strange hints and loud whispers that she, whom I loved better than myself, has proved false. It is too much. I must not think, but I must act. I will again to the negress, and see if I can frighten aught more out of her. She hinted to me that Caroline loved Finley, and the circumstance of her being seen in his company at the dwelling of the old hag, would seem to corroborate it. But I must know further ere I give a semblance of belief to such unwelcome stories."

Thus thinking aloud, our hero turned and again entering the shed, exclaimed:

“Black imp of darkness, where art thou?”

No answer being returned, upon a closer inspection of the premises, he soon found out the cause. The negress was gone.



## CHAPTER VIII.

This attempt to gain further knowledge of Caroline from the negro being rendered abortive by her disappearance, our hero resolved to call the next morning at Mr Hargrave's, to see Caroline and hear from her own lips the state of her feelings towards him.

In accordance with the above resolution, after a sleepless night he left the hotel in the morning, and proceeding immediately to the residence of Mr Hargrave, he rang, and was shown by a servant into the drawing room. Having given the servant his card, he was in a few moments joined by Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave.

The old gentleman had no sooner entered than he grasped Charles's hand and burst into tears. "My God," he exclaimed, "you have come in the hour of our distress. My Caroline, my daughter, the beloved of my heart, has gone; when, how, or where, no one can tell. Last evening she dressed herself to go to a party at Mrs. D——'s; not returning at the usual time we felt alarmed, and despatched a servant with my carriage, to see what had taken place, and to bring Caroline home. Judge of our consternation when the carriage returned without her; the servant stating that she left Mrs. D——'s in a carriage, which was supposed to have been mine, about 10 o'clock, in company with Mary Morrice. There is something inexplicable in all this. I have this morning despatched servants in every direction, and shall wait in terrible suspense their return. Meantime, my dear boy, we are glad to see you. A friend in distress deserves the name, but as this last trouble sadly overwhelms us, you must excuse our further company to-day." So saying, the old man and his wife both burst into tears, and abruptly left the apartment.

As to Charles, he was completely thunder-struck. He remained for some moments motionless; then a sudden thought seemed to enter his brain, and he arose, and leaving the house, went to his hotel, and having procured the fleetest horse he could find, he had him harnessed to his gig and proceeded immediately to the house of the negress.

He found her sitting on the same low stool or settle before mentioned in our story, chaunting in a low monotonous tone snatches of a song, which ran thus:

"Oh, I have heard them tell  
That witches once did dwell  
In this fine place;  
Oh, I wish I could have seen  
Them dancing on the green,  
With withered form, and lean,  
Face to face.

This display of her vocal abilities was suddenly cut short by the following exclamation from Charles:

"Woman, I would have a few words with you—are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" exclaimed the old hag, rising and boldly confronting him—"for a trial of skill at pistol-shooting? Oh, no!"

"A truce with such fooleries, woman. I came not now to intimidate or threaten, but to entreat of you to discover to me the secret haunts of Finley. In case your information proves correct you shall be richly rewarded."

"I will reveal the secret upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you take a solemn oath not to reveal my agency in this affair; and further, if you succeed in finding your sister, you will use every means in your power to prevail upon her never to disclose what she may have seen or heard in my house. Will you swear?"

"I swear by every thing that an honorable man holds good and sacred, that your conditions shall be faithfully complied with."

The old negress, after pausing for a moment, proceeded to direct our hero to the strange house in the village of R——, whither, it will be recollected by the reader, Finley conducted Caroline on the night of the party.

Charles, who had stood writhing with impatience whilst her directions were in the course of delivery, as soon as the negress ended, hurried from the house, jumped into his gig, and was soon upon the road to R——, whilst she, resuming her seat upon the settle, again commenced chaunting:

“O, that I some charm might find  
To cure the troubles of the mind.”



## CHAPTER IX.

We must now again introduce the reader to the chamber in Finley's country house, which we left at the conclusion of the sixth chapter, in a strange and confused predicament. Finley, whom we left at that time bending over Caroline, trying to bring her to listen to his rhapsodical nonsense, finding that his efforts in that respect would prove unavailing, and being somewhat heated with wine, was just about to clasp her in his arms, when the noise occasioned by the fall of Cole and the deep groan uttered by him, caused the villain very abruptly to desist from his premeditated outrage upon female innocence. Struck with horror and astonishment at seeing Cole lying upon the floor weltering in blood, this black-hearted villain stood for some moments appalled and motionless.

After having in some degree recovered his presence of mind, he hastened to the assistance of his companion, and lifting him up, exclaimed, "good God, Harry, what has happened; has she stabbed you?"

"Edward Finley," answered Cole, looking up with a grim, ghastly smile upon his countenance, "I feel that I have received naught but what I richly deserved. I also feel that my misspent life is fast drawing to a close; assistance will avail nothing; it is all up with me. But I must hurry to make the best use I can of the little strength and breath I have remaining. In the first place, then, I fully exonerate Mary Morrice from all blame in this unfortunate affair. You recollect, Ned, the little dirk you gave me. I had that concealed in my bosom. As I stooped over in drunken hilarity to profane her lips with a kiss, my foot slipped and some how or other, I know not how, I fell upon this instrument, which was to have taken the heart's blood of Charles—but no matter, let me die as I have lived! But no; I repent—I hope—Finley, go—fly—or you are ruin"—

Exhausted nature would not give him time to finish the word. He

uttered a horrid groan, and in the supernatural strength of the death struggle, he wrenched himself from the grasp of Finley and fell to the floor, a disfigured and blood-stained corpse.

Such an effect did this scene have upon Finley, that he sat for some time gazing upon the body, in a state of silent stupefaction. Soon, however, rallying his sunken spirits, his first thought was of Caroline. But during the confusion that ensued upon the death of Cole, and nerved by the strength which desperation lends to outraged innocence, she had taken that opportunity to slide from the opposite side of the bed on which she lay, and glide noiselessly out of the door opposite the one she had entered. Consequently, when Finley went again towards the bed, he found to his astonishment that 'the bird had flown.'

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "foiled in every attempt! The just punishment of heaven seems about to fall upon me. But if I cannot avoid the blow, I must at least try to parry it. I will act in accordance with the dying injunction of Cole. I will fly from this spot, and as quick as possible hurry to some foreign shore. But I will atone for at least one wrong."

So saying, he stepped to a table whereon lay some writing materials, and hastily writing a note, sealed and directed to Charles Marion, he rushed from the house (leaving the note upon the bed) and was seen no more.

Let us now return to Caroline. Having reached the lower apartments, she found herself enclosed in darkness. Still, terror lent her strength, and she groped about for a long time to find a door leading into the open air, but in vain. After a long and fruitless search, she was obliged to sit down upon the stairs and rest, discouraged and disheartened from her labors. She had not been long seated, before she heard a low, plaintive, but finely modulated female voice, singing the following lines:

His love has gone from me  
To some more favored one,  
Yet will I pray for him  
'Till my career is done.

He swore that he would prove  
True to me as the light  
That the moon sheds upon the earth,  
Through the dark shades of night,  
Yet he's proved false to me,  
And I must pine and die.  
I feel that I must soon depart,  
And in the church-yard lie.

Here the voice of the singer was rendered inaudible by sobs, and Caroline, who had taken a great interest in the fair unknown, rose, and guided by the sound of the sufferer's voice, groped her way to the door of the apartment and knocked—the knock was answered by the exclamation from the occupant, of

“Who is there?”

“A friend,” answered Caroline.

“Come in then,” said the occupant, opening the door and showing to Caroline's bewildered eyes a set of features pale and emaciated, but still eminently handsome.

As Caroline entered and seated herself, Ellen Marion, for she it was who occupied the apartment, again said:

“I thought it must have been Edward; none but he knew the way to this apartment. He has been gone from me a long, long time.—Have you seen him?” “He is a villain,” answered Caroline; he abducted me forcibly away from a party which I visited last evening. Feeling unwell, I stepped into a carriage, which I supposed to have been my father's; my friend Mary Morrice got in with me, but I was soon undeceived, as I heard Finley's voice, his loud devilish laugh, and I shrieked, but it was too late. After we had got some distance from the town, he entered the carriage; the moment I felt his hand upon my arm, I fainted, and was brought here in a state of insensibility. Other things I have seen since I have been here; there were groans and blood and death—but no, they must have been dreams.” The recollection of the scenes of horror she had witnessed, proved too much for the weak and sensitive frame of Caroline to bear, for as she ceased speaking, a deathly paleness overspread her countenance, and she sank insensible to the floor.

Ellen showed no signs of grief or horror at the recital of the stranger's wrongs; whether it was that love blinded her understanding, or the corroding canker of secret sorrow had rendered the feelings of her heart, for all save one, cold as the icy rock, I know not, but certain it was that her face wore the same marble hue, her lips were parted with the same placid yet melancholy smile they had borne since the commencement of Caroline's story. After considerable exertion, she succeeded in getting Caroline on to the little low bed that formed part of the furniture of the room; she then applied restoratives, and soon had the satisfaction of finding that her fair guest was again awakening to consciousness. Caroline, after her recovery, did not speak, but opened her eyes and smiled sweetly upon Ellen; then gradually sank away into a calm and refreshing slumber. After a while Ellen lay down by her side and slept also. Yes, in the same house, upon the same bed, and locked in each other's arms, reposed the wronged wife and the intended victim; and there for the present we will leave them.



## CHAPTER X.

### CONCLUSION.

Now, then, exclaim my fair readers, do let us know what happened to Mary Morrice. Be patient, ladies, and you shall hear.

It will be recollected that she left the house of Finley in a great hurry, and very much frightened. She heard the fall of Cole, and saw the red blood issue from his bosom, but she knew not the cause. After leaving the house, her first thought was to endeavor to find a shelter, where she might remain till daylight. But a moment's consideration of the circumstances in which she found herself, induced her to abandon that idea, and she walked forth as fast as possible upon the road leading to Salem.

Daylight overtook her some four miles from the place she had left, and never was friend more welcome than was the first faint gleam of sunlight to Mary Morrice that morning.

Tired, and cold, and hungry, she concluded she would stop at a farm-house hard by, and endeavor to obtain some refreshment. She stepped timidly up to the door and knocked. The knock was answered by a fat, comely and good natured specimen of rustic simplicity, who kindly invited her to enter, and conducted her into the kitchen—where a cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and a table stood loaded with a farmer's substantial fare.

Having warmed herself and partaken sparingly of the refreshments, after extorting a promise of secrecy from her landlady, she related to her all the circumstances connected with her appearance there, with which the reader is already acquainted.

We will not attempt to depict the astonishment of the comely dame at the recital of Mary's story. Suffice it to say that she was very much astonished. Ay, she declared, with uplifted hands, that she never before heard of such doings, and finally ended that and sundry other ejaculations of surprise by kindly inviting Mary to share the hospitality of the house as long as she pleased.



Whilst she was busily engaged in her usual morning's avocations and conversing with Mary at the same time, a loud rap at the front door suddenly interrupted her.

Ere she had time to answer the summons, the door opened, and a young man entered abruptly the inner apartment.

"Excuse," said the handsome young stranger, speaking to the landlady, "my abrupt entrance. My great hurry must prove my apology. I hold in my hand a somewhat vague direction to the country house of Edward Finley. As my business there is of the utmost importance, I thought I would stop here and endeavor to obtain a guide, whom I would handsomely reward for his services. As he ceased speaking, his eye fell upon Mary. Regarding her for a moment in silent amazement, he suddenly sprang forward and caught her in his arms, exclaiming:

"Mary Morrice!"

"Charles Marion!"

After mutual explanations and greetings had been passed between them, Charles prevailed upon his fair companion to accompany him to Finley's house, and after generously rewarding the good woman for her trouble, he handed Mary into his gig, and urging the horses to their utmost speed, soon reached the house.

Having arrived there, it was evident by the concourse of people which surrounded the house, that something extraordinary had occurred.

"What's the matter," inquired Charles of a countryman standing by.

"Why, sir," answered the man, "there was a person found dead in one of the chambers this morning, and folks thinks as how he was murdered. There's a jury sitting on him now, and I s'pose as how they will find it all out."

As our hero drove up to the door, and alighting, entered the house, the first person who met his astonished gaze was Caroline!

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed she, "am I dreaming yet, or do I really see him!"

How Charles answered this question—how they embraced each other, how their hearts expanded with high hopes and joyful anticipations, I must leave the imagination of the reader to solve, and hasten to conclude my story.

When Charles went into the chamber where lay the body of Cole,



his eye fell upon the note which Finley had left upon the bed. The contents were as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I consider it due to your injured sister to inform you that we were legally married in Philadelphia. For the gratification of my infernal passions, I destroyed the certificate, and tried all I could to make your sister and all the world believe it to be false. Now for yourself. Caroline Hargrave is yours, she loves you as fervently as your sister loves me. It was I that endeavored to poison her feelings against you, and turn her love to deadly hatred. But it was of no avail. Take her and be happy.

EDWARD FINLEY.

Caroline having explained, before the coroner's inquest, the manner of Cole's death, they had brought in a verdict accordingly, and the next day his remains were decently interred in the village burying ground.

About two months after the scenes related above, a merry concourse of bright eyes and beautiful faces had gathered themselves together at the princely mansion of Mr Hargrave. Charles and Caroline were that evening about to enter into the holy state of matrimony. The bride looked lovelier than ever, and the bridegroom looked handsome as they knelt and received the blessing from the holy priest who had joined their hands together for life.

The only drawback to the festivities of the occasion, was the faded appearance of Ellen. Finley had written her several letters requesting her to join him, which she was about to do the next morning.

She joined him but he did not live long afterwards, and then she had the satisfaction of knowing that he died a penitent. She returned to the residence of her brother, and passed the remainder of her time in taking care of his children, and being a companion for Caroline.

The old negress still lives, and still shakes the mystic cup; but since the death of Finley, I opine that she has left off all meddling with the mysterious intrigues, which came very near sending her to prison, and putting an end to all her pretensions to

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.